THE MAN WITH THE LONE IDEA.

BY BURT ARNOLD.

There's a creature that talks just to hear his voice sound,
And who puts me in fidgets whene'er he's around—
He's a chronic old chinner, who stuffs up my ear
As he reiterates on a single idea.

He will reel off his gab on a subject so cold
That the life of his phrases seems buried in mold,
And continue the strain along year after year,
While he wears me all out with his single idea.

He's a nuisance to meet when you're out for a walk,
For he never'll go 'way till he's had out his talk;
And the people who pass you will look up to hear
His infernal cheap din with a single idea.

He is known to each reader—this chattering bore!
Who, with hobby, will greet you in street-car or store—
With aerial yawps and big words that sound queer,
Will elucidate long on his single idea.

When to heaven (?) he soars, there in ambush he'll wait,
So to button-hole spirits who come to the gate;
Then he'll chatter and chin till he's sent to the rear,
Where they'll burn the old bore and his single idea.

A TALE OF '53.

BY FRANK J. MARTIN.

"The Yellow Girl," one of the palatial stages on the Southwestern Line, rolled into One-Hoss Gap one fine afternoon in the month of June, in the year of grace 1853. Old Bill Keats held the ribbons in those days. Bill was a jolly fellow, with a heart like a lion's, and a double storage capacity for poor whisky. On this particular day Bill had imbibed pretty freely, and was not very sorry that he had but one passenger and that one booked for One-Hoss Gap. His passenger was a tall, well-built young man, about twenty-five, and good-looking.

Tom Pate, the proprietor of the Hotel Europe, was standing in the doorway of his hotel anxiously waiting for the Yellow Girl to appear in the bend of the road about a mile below. On the veranda, near by, sat a man clothed in a miner's garb and smoking contentedly, but keeping a lookout for the stage. When the stage drew up at the door this man disappeared behind the hotel, while the landlord welcomed his new guest and took care of his luggage.

The young stranger registered as Walter Paine, of San Francisco, and asked to be shown to his room at once. When the landlord left his room he drew from his pocket a copy of the New York *Torch* and read the following:

"The body of the young lady that was picked up in the East River last Friday has been identified as being that of Miss Louise Ballard. The friends of the young woman say that she was betrayed by a young wealthy miner from California, and that from the day he deserted her she showed unmistakable evidences of insanity. It is more than probable that, driven to madness by her shame, she sought relief in the cool waters of the East River."

The young man paced the room as he read and reread the article. Then he drew from his pocket another packet containing a photograph and letter. He studied the photograph for some time and then read the letter. It ran as follows:

"ST. LOUIS, May 30, 1853.

"DEAR WALTER: Your idea is a good one. Herewith find the photograph I promised you. I found it in Lu's trunk. Keep a sharp lookout, and if you get a clue follow it to the end. I will meet you at the appointed place on time. ALBERT."

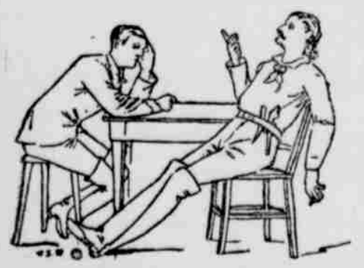
It took several minutes for him to get calm, so excited had he become. Just as he had returned the paper and envelope to his pocket, the landlord rapped on the door and inquired if his guest desired any supper. He claimed that he had been calling to him from the foot of the stairs for several minutes and had obtained no reply. The young stranger apologized and assured him that he was pretty hungry, whereupon they both repaired to the dining-room.

Tom Pate, the proprietor of the Hotel Europe, took an active part in the management of his establishment. So active was it, indeed, that he filled the positions of day and night clerk, porter and head waiter. He would have been bell-boy if there had been a bell in One-Hoss Gap. It is unnecessary to remark that the "Hotel Europe" was not overcrowded with guests at any time. The two now under its roof were the first ones in three weeks. The man who had been sitting on the veranda was a guest and had been there for several days. His name, or at least the one he gave, was Tom Whittleby, and he was a miner returning to California after enjoying a big spree in New York.

When Tom Pate entered the dining-room he introduced the two strangers to each other and then began to serve up supper in an elaborate style—that is, on the dishes.

Walter Paine ate but little supper that evening, for between studying the features of Whittleby and interesting himself in the struggle for supremacy between the flies and the butter, he lost his appetite. The former afforded him much food for mental digestion, while the struggle between the two most powerful enemies in the Hotel Europe settled all his cravings for food.

Supper over, the two guests repaired to the "office," and procuring cigars they fell into a friendly chat. Tom Whittleby began to narrate some of the stormy stories of his life. He warmed up and said many little things that were highly interesting to Walter. Walter said but little until he had



They fell into a friendly chat.

heard about all he could expect to. Then he began, and for two hours kept the two Toms busy laughing at his witty sayings and funny stories.

So matters drifted along until late in the night, when Tom Whittleby said that he had made up his mind to start out for Rich Find with a load of grain the next morning, as an accommodation for a friend who was sick and could not go. Walter asked what was the distance to Rich Find, and if he would not like a partner on the road. Being told that it would take two days' ride, and over a rough road at that, but that he could go along if he wished to, he readily assented to undergo all the fatigues. And well he might. Accordingly, he completed all the arrangements necessary and retired to his room.

Once again in his room and free from notice, he took a good look at the photograph, as if to make sure of what he was about to do. Then he procured a sheet of paper and by the dim, flickering light of a candle penned the following:

"ONE-HOSS GAP, June 20, 1853.

"ALBERT BALLARD, St. James Hotel, St. Louis:

"I have him. We go to Sacramento.

"WALTER."

Then he inclosed the note in an envelope, wrote the superscription and sat down to think.

Bill Keats had told him that there was another stage road five miles south of One-Hoss Gap, and that the east-bound stage would pass along about one o'clock that night. That if he wanted to get a letter on it he would have to go a mile east on the road to Dandy Gap, where the stage stopped. That would be six miles altogether. It was then half-past eleven and he would have to be moving. So putting on his hat he stole down stairs and out without attracting attention, and was soon speeding along to Dandy Gap.

It was nearly three hours when he returned. His trip must have proved satisfactory to him, for he looked more contented than he had since he stepped into the hotel that afternoon. He stole up to his room and was soon sound asleep.

At five o'clock the inmates of the establishment were astir, and at a quarter past six the great grain wagon, pulled by four white horses and manned by Tom and Walter, rolled away from One-Hoss Gap. The first ten miles afforded pleasant riding and fine scenery. The two men talked in a friendly way, but Walter was very guarded in his speech.

The road began to grow rough and rocky and the journey tiresome. The conversation was dropped and strict attention paid to the horses. Once or twice the wagon came near being upset by the huge rocks that lined each side of the trail. For a stretch the trail was clear and they fell to talking again. They had gone along but a short distance when the wagon gave a sudden plunge and they were tossed high in the air. Tom landed safely on the seat, while Walter fell between the wheels. The wagon righted itself, the horses started again, and before he could extricate himself Walter felt the wheel crush his right limb.

The pain was intense, and he swooned away. How long he remained in that condition he could not tell, for when he recovered his senses fair Luna was shedding her mellow rays on his mangled form stretched there between two great rocks. It was some time before he could recollect where he was. He raised his head a little and looked about. He was alone. The wagon and all were gone. He felt for his papers and photograph. They were gone. Moreover, his pockets had been rifled. By whom? By no other than Tom Whittleby, who, when finding him unconscious from his injury, went through his pockets, and finding his own photograph and the paper and letter already mentioned, resolved to let his pursuer die of pain and starvation, alone on that desolate mountain trail.

Walter endeavored to get on his feet. He had almost succeeded, when he fell back exhausted on a sharp rock and became unconscious.

The hours of night sped on; then came the dawn; the sun rose high in the heavens and cast its burning rays on the unprotected face of the unfortunate young man. He could not resist them, for his reason had been dethroned and a violent fever had begun its work. The only thing that broke the solemn stillness of the day was the moaning and raving of the unfortunate.

High noon came and went. The sun was just settling down behind the great Sierras when the rumble of a wagon might be heard in the distance. Plainer and more distinct became the rumble, until at length the white top of an emigrant's wagon might be seeing creeping along the trail. An able-bodied man was driving the oxen, while his wife sat sewing on the front seat. In the rear of the

Both were tossed high in the air.

wagon sat their daughter, a buxom young lady dressed in a far from elegant costume.

Her poor clothing did not mar the beauty of her face or form. She was a perfect woman in face and form, and it did not require the aid of a dressmaker to show them to advantage.

Slowly the wagon jostled along until it was within a few yards of where Harry lay. The old man was whistling "Yankee Doodle," while the two women were talking. All three were soon startled by a moan. The wagon was stopped, and all listened. Again and again did they hear it. The third time the women jumped to the ground and began to search, for they knew it was the moan of a human being. "Lucy, be careful," cautioned the old man as his daughter jumped on a rock and started on the search. She had not gone very far when she discovered Walter.

She called to her father and mother and they were soon at the spot. Walter was a pitiable sight. The sun had burned his face, a deep gash was over his eyes, and his clothes were ragged and torn. Without the least hesitation or show they tenderly picked him up in their arms and carried him to a bed of blankets beside the wagon. Then all three set about to dress his wounds and bathe him.

They did not stop to think who he was or how he came there. He needed assistance, and he got it in a humble though sincere way. His fractured limb was set, his head bandaged, and some restoratives applied to him.

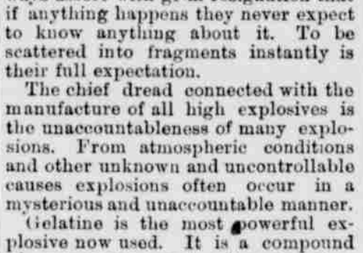
Then another question arose. Their wagon was already overcrowded. They could not think of anything that would cause the young man any pain, so they quietly unloaded half their belongings and made room for Walter, so that when they started on the next morning he was resting on a comfortable bed.

Walter had fallen into good hands. Ben Snell was a good old Ohio farmer, and was on his way to the gold fields of "California." His wife, a woman of good practical sense, made him an excellent mate, while his daughter Lucy was a combination of all the good qualities of both. She had secured a fair education in her native State, and was a good housekeeper. She was not a "society" lady, but one of those women who can make home a place of solid comfort. Six weeks later they rolled into Sacramento on a Sunday afternoon. Walter had recovered, and had told them his whole story. They believed him, and insisted on his remaining with them as long as he possibly could. It was only on account of Lucy's pleadings that he had consented.

On the following morning Ben and Walter took a walk through the town. They had wandered about for an hour, and were returning to the "camp." When well out of the town their attention was attracted to a fight between an old man and a big, burly fellow. Walter halted and looked on for a moment; then, uttering a curse, he drew his knife and rushed at the big, burly fellow. The big fellow caught Walter's eye in time to save his own life for a few minutes at least. Walter Paine and Tom Whittleby stood face to face, ready for a fight to a finish. They understood each other now, and both knew it was a fight for life. Not a word was spoken. The old man, Walter and Ben were on one side and Whittleby with two friends on the other. In six seconds the six men were in a fight fearful to behold. It was a fight to death, and justice won. In five minutes Walter and Ben remained unharmed while four bodies lie at their feet.

To the crowd that collected Walter related the following:

"Three years ago this man, who calls himself Tom Whittleby, but whose name is Tom Sands, went to New York City on an excursion. While there he formed the acquaintance of my sister. He had lots of money, talked well and was a constant visitor at our house. Things went along nicely for a year, until one day he turned up among the missing. We suspected nothing until we noticed that my sister began to grow despondent. Then we made a startling discovery, but managed to keep it from public notice. One night my sister left the supper table and we did not see her again until we viewed her remains after they were found in the East River. That



It was a fight to death, and justice won.

man was the cause of her trouble and shame, and, although I was away from New York while he was there and consequently never saw him until a few weeks ago, I had sworn to take his life. Now, boys, do you blame me for what I have done?"

Three cheers was the reply, and Walter and Ben returned to the "camp."

A few days later Albert Ballard, Walter's brother, arrived, bringing with him a large sum of money.

Walter, Albert and Ben entered into a business partnership and literally coined money. The house they founded prospers to-day, and Walter and Lucy's son runs the business while the old grand-father and uncle go off on their extended vacations.

Making Explosives.

No hospitals are ever required around a dynamite factory, as the wounded are seldom found, says the San Francisco *Call*. In a large establishment, where immense quantities of powder are constantly being handled, there is never an explosion except it is a very serious one, and all who are within reach are killed outright. Powder men realize this fact, and always assert with grim resignation that if anything happens they never expect to know anything about it. To be scattered into fragments instantly is their full expectation.

The chief dread connected with the manufacture of all high explosives is the unaccountableness of many explosions. From atmospheric conditions and other unknown and uncontrollable causes explosions often occur in a mysterious and unaccountable manner.

Gelatine is the most powerful explosive now used. It is a compound of gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine, which must be mixed together till it resembles a thick, dark paste, like stiff fruit jelly. The workmen mix it in a pan as a woman mixes flour and water into dough. The hands are covered with long rubber gloves. This gelatine powder or paste is twice as powerful as dynamite, and there is quite a demand for it in blasting the hardest rock in railroad tunnels.

A most stupendous exhibition of nerve and coolness is sometimes required in the life of a man who works in dynamite. One year ago in a local factory a 4,000-pound tank of nitro-glycerine suddenly caught fire. Flames six feet high burst from the surface of the fluid. Superintendent Frank Roller and Foreman Erick Starke were present, and they immediately turned compressed air into the tank, and by other means suppressed the flames. It must be remembered that nitro-glycerine will burn till a heat of about 350 degrees is reached, and then it will explode. If the fire can be extinguished before that degree of heat is reached there will be no serious consequence. In the above instance it was the safer course to try to put out the flames, as if an explosion was to occur it would come too quickly to allow escape to a safe distance. A man under such circumstances, however, is more liable to use his legs than his thinking faculties. If that tank had exploded its mate standing within six feet of it would also have exploded, sending up 8,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine in one flash. The detonation would, no doubt, have been sensibly felt in all parts of the State.

Military Discipline.

Probably in no other army do we find such curious offenses against discipline as in our own. We note a recent court-martial case where a soldier, when at drill, having been corrected by his commanding officer for a mistake, did speak out in ranks and say, "I was right," and after the company had been brought to "place rest," approached the commanding officer and said: "Lieutenant, I was right and you were 'wrong,'" and having been ordered to stop his talk and return to his place in ranks, said: "I won't shut up, and I won't allow myself to be bulldozed by you or any one else." The unfortunate exercise of the freedom of debate results in the withdrawal of the party of the second part from the active lists for the period of one year and a forfeiture of the sum of $120.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

The Mother-in-Law in New Britain.

Among the natives of the New Britain Islands a man must not speak to his mother-in-law. Not only is speaking forbidden to this relative, but she must be avoided. If by chance the lady is met the son-in-law must hide himself or cover his face. Suicide of both parties is the outcome if the rule is broken. One of the English missionaries tried to get at the natives' idea of an oath, and he found that the most solemn asseveration among them was: If I am not telling the truth I hope I may touch the hand of my mother-in-law. — *San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE human hair varies in thickness from 1.250 to 1.600 of an inch. Blonde hair is the finest, and red hair the coarsest. A German investigator finds that in four heads of hair of equal weight, the red one contains about 90,000 hairs, the black, 10 ,000, the brown 109,000, and the blonde 140,000.

OLD BESS.

O yer want me to tell yer
er story, yer say!
Spin er yarn 'bout Amerr-
ica's fire-cracker day?
Tell yer sunthin' as hez
er big laff in it, hey?
Mabbe naow, yer may
think thet et's easy
tew du,
Tell er story thet's comical, suitable tew;
Still Er guess Er'l make
nout, tho' Er can't say
et's new.

On ther Fo'th er July, in
the year '76—
(Ef mer granther's alive
thet's ther date he
would fix),
Wuz ther time w'en Old
Bess played some wonderful tricks.
Jest estonished ther family by cuttin up pranks
Ez wuz never afore done by beast on four shanks
(An' in them days not even by two-legged cranks).

Naow, Old Bess wuz ther nicest uv family kine,
With er genuine Puritan pedigree fine—
Not er drop uv bad blood ter be traced in ther line;
An' ther crittur'd conducted herself in er way
Ter command ther respect uv ther people, they say,
Upter when she observed independence thet day.

Yer kin think Er'm er drawin' an awful long bow
W'en Er tell yer ther yarn, but et's actooally sao—
Thet 'twas nuthin but drunkenness ailed thet ere cnow;
Et's er fact, boys, believe me er not, ez yer please—
Et won't change et er bit—et's ez straight ez cut cheese,
She jest drank half er gallon er spirits with ease.

Yer see, granther wuz er man ez sleek ez er priest,
On all pints uv religion till he wuz deceased—
An' b'gosh! he said corn-juice wuz wusser'n stale yeast;
'Twas er hard blow ter him ter stand under and grin,
W'en Old Bess cut her caper an' drank up thet gin—
Tho' I allus will hold she wuz blameless uv sin.

In ther taowne uv Kersocket, erway daowne in Maine
(Ef yer look on er map uv old King George's reign,
Yer will find ther place marked in big print letters plain);
There ther Britishers made their headquarters one day,
Just aoutside ther taownship where granther's farm lay,
An' Old Bess chewed her cud an' cropped grass and loose hay.

Ther day when independence an' liberty cum,
W'en ther bells wuz er pealin', 'mid saounds uv ther drum,
An' ther tories in taown wuz nigh stricken dumb,
Er small squad uv wild foragers aout on er spree
Spied Old Bess by ther brook ez she stood 'neath er tree,
An' jest filled her with gin in their rollicksome glee.

When their bottles wuz emptied ther red-coats laughed long,
While ther neighborin' hills re-echoed their song,
An' Old Bess stood amazed an' wondered what's wrong.
When my granther came aout with his pail an' his stool
Ther wild troopers hed gone and wuz daown ber ther pool,
An' Old Bess she was actin', b'gosh! like er fool.

Ez she flu raound ther pastur' on 'lectrical legs,
Yer'd er tho't she wuz dancin' er top er fresh eggs,
An' she made ther old farmer skip, too, on his pegs
Till ther sweat et jest poured daown his cheeks on ther run—
While he prutty nigh swore: "Whoa! by ther gret horn spun!
Er'm no shakes on er chasin' er caow 'n ther sun!"

So he waited until ther critter stood still,
Then approached her quite gently with "Soh! Bess, yu ill?"
When he milked in ther pail er most generous fill.
Naow ther farmer'd got thirsty er chasin' ther caow,
An' he sot daown ther pail fur ter mop off his brow,
With er muttered "Er vum!" an' er smothered "Er swaow!"

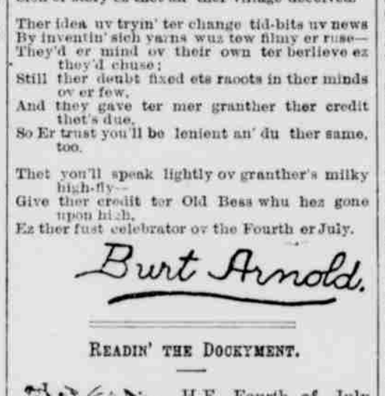
So afore he went hum he jest tuk er gret swig
Uv ther milk, then gave some ter old Raooter, ther pig,
An' went inter ther barn where he whooped up er jig:
"Whut's ther matter'th ther milk?" ther young dairymaid cried;
Then ther fumbly all tasted an' vowed with just pride,
'Twas ther best in their lives they ever hed tried.

An' in consequence all er ther milk wuz soon gone—
Not er drap uv it left ez sure ez you air born!
An' ther 'fect thet it hed wuz er sort uv er corn.
Naow ther Deacon he called 'fore ther milk wuz drank up,
An' old granny she 'lowed thet he must hev er cup,
So ter please her ther Deacon he sipped er small sup.

The result wuz electrical, really so, quite!
Fer ther skimpy old Deacon behaved like er fright,
An' declared he'd buy Bess thet very same night.
On ther foilerin mornin' ther sun's rays wuz high
An' no one ter Old Bess in ther pastur' cum nigh,
Till the Deacon's wee spouse heard her bellerin' cry.

Naow, her husband from hum stayed erway all thet night,
An' cum back erlookin' ez tho' all weren't right,
An' er most comical skeercrow an' pitysole sight!
He had slep' in ther pastur' an' rolled in ther dirt,
Till his best clothes wuz grimed an' he'd torn his white shirt—
So no wonder he talked with a stammerin spurt!

W'en his wife cum eraound ter mer granther's old farm
She hed worked herself up ter ther bilin' pint warm,
But the sight she saw there gave her cause fer alarm;
Fur ther housemaid wuz sleeping near by er cold fire,
While ther darter lay on a big sofa near by her,
And wuz groanin' and moanin', an' callin' her sire.



Naow, erway ter ther village ther busy dame flew,
Ter report ter ther neighbors ther gossip she knew;
An' ther people all listened until she was through,
When they puckered their lips, with er raise ov ther brow,
And gave utterance ter an' emphatical "Naow! Whu'd er thunk it! Thet beats me all holler, Er swaow!"

W'en old granny erwoke et wuz late in ther day,
An' surprised, bless my stars! but 'bout granther, stay—
He wus faound in ther barn where he'd hid in ther hay,
An' he acted right curious—dazed, so they said,
Like ez ef he hed lost all ther brains in his hed;
He said nuthin', but walked straight up-stairs ter his bed.

All ther gossips erbaout hed naow plenty tew du
Ter relate ter ther quidnuncs whu would ask 'em, "Whut's nu?"
An' et soon reached ther ear ov ther Britishers tew;
But ther story they told no one ever believed—
Whut er scandalous thought! That ther deaconess conceived
Sich er story ez thet an' ther village deceived.

Ther idea uv tryin' ter change tid-bits uv news
By inventin' sich yarns wuz tew filmy er ruse—
They'd er mind ov their own ter berlieve ez they'd chuse;
Still ther doubt fixed ets raoots in ther minds ov er few,
And they gave ter mer granther ther credit thet's due,
So Er trust you'll be lenient an' du ther same, too.

Thet you'll speak lightly ov granther's milky high-fly—
Give ther credit ter Old Bess whu hez gone upon high,
Ez ther fust celebrator ov the Fourth er July.

Burt Arnold.

READIN' THE DOCKYMENT.

HE Fourth of July celebration at Bolney's Grove was not, as the editor of the *Burley Oak* had prepared himself to say, the most enjoyable event of the season, although, while the committee of arrangements was at work there were none of those serious hitches which so often bring about the failure of a commendable enterprise. In fact, everything worked with encouraging smoothness until it was settled that Colonel Joe Swagerty should read the Declaration of Independence. Then Miles Brewer got up and said:

"Fellers, I had calklated on readin' that ar dockyment myself. I told a wider woman that I'm goin' to see, that I would read it, an' ef I don't she'll think that I ain't got no influence in this here community, an' my chances will be spiled right thar."

"Now, Miles," replied Colonel Swagerty, "thar you go, flyin' smack smooth offen the handle. I'm an older man than you air, an' am ther'fo' mo' in accord with the dockyment. Tell you what'll be about right: I'll read it fust, an' then ef the boys 'low it ain't read right, w'y then you ken give it a whirl."

"I'm a thousan' times ableeged to you," Miles replied, "but I ain't a-goin' to read no second-hand declaration fur no man; so you ken count me out."

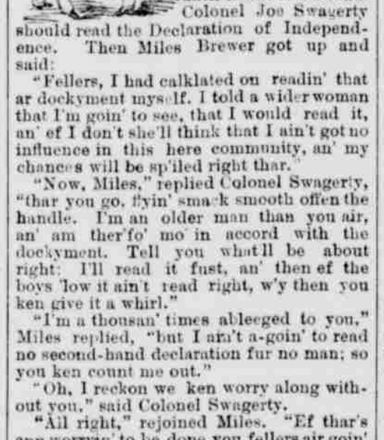
"Oh, I reckon we ken worry along without you," said Colonel Swagerty.

"All right," rejoined Miles. "Ef thar's any worryin' to be done you fellers air goin' to do it; you ken bet yore old dockyment on that."

"Sorry he went off thater way," said the chairman of the committee.

"Let him go," replied Colonel Swagerty. "He ain't big enough to read a dockyment that kivers the whole country, an' ef he don't want to come out an' enjoy hisse'f, w'y, let him stay away. He don't know 'zackly what the whole thing's about, nohow. He never heard of the battle of New Orleans, an' of cou'se hain't expected to know that the dockyment kivers that particuler conflick."

The day was beautiful. A number of benches had been arranged in the grove, and a gayly decorated stand had been erected by the Colonel, who, proud of the distinction which he had won, and determined that the "dockyment" should not be humiliated while in his hands, had bought lumber with his own money, and had, with his own artistic "paw," painted an eagle on a bed-sheet and hung it on a swinging limb just above the stand. The brass band from over the creek came in a wagon



which had been used a few days before to convey a condemned negro to the place of execution; and a cruel fellow, who is always provided with a wet blanket which he delights in throwing upon the glowing coa's of good cheer, remarked that the negro ought to have been brought to the celebration, and that the band would have rendered more lasting services to the country by being hanged. In view of the fact that the band boys had only practiced during the rainy days of four weeks (and the farmers had complained of dry weather), there was, I reluctantly admit, some justice in the remark. When the band had ceased to harass that great national air, "Molly Darling," the Colonel climbed upon the platform. He sat down, and after looking over a number of papers, turned to a friend and with an air of great perplexity said:

"Bill, by gings, I've lost that preshus dockyment."

"That's bad," Bill replied. "Ain't you got somethin' else that'll do as well?"

"I ain't got a thing but cut-throat mortgages."

"Read one of them," Bill suggested.

"I'm almost afeerd."

"Oh, you neenter be. Nobody will ever know the diffurence, an' 'sides that, the Declaration of Independence was only the liftin' of a mortgage after all."

"That's a fact, Billie. You've got a great head on you, my son, an' ef you watch yore p'ints like yore Aunt Nancy watchin' a kittle of b'lilin' soap, you'll own a cross-roads sto' an' a new suit of jeans one of these here days. Wall," getting up, "the brin'le cat is about ready to make a jump."

Then he faced the crowd and said: "Feller citizens, we have met here on this solemn occasion—not so blamed solemn as you mout suppose—met on this lively occasion—no so lively but it mout be worse—to celebrate this great celebration. I will now read to you a dockyment that——"

Just then there arose the fearful cry of "Mad dogs!" "Mad dogs!" Six or eight terrific-looking dogs had dashed into the crowd, and the people were running for their lives. Three of the dogs dashed up to the speaker's stand, and, sitting down on the ground, pointed their noses at the Colonel and the members of the committee. By this time the crowd had dispersed. The Colonel and his friends were alone.

"Merciful heaven!" loudly mourned the Colonel, "they are going to jump up here!"

The dogs had begun to cut ugly capers.

"Grab a limb an' climb up in the tree," some one shouted.

The Colonel seized a limb, and after every one else had found a safe lodgment, he succeeded in climbing a short distance, when, to his horror, he found that he could climb no further, and what made the situation still more thrilling, he found that the swinging limb dipped him down to within a few feet of the most ferocious-looking dog.

"Oh, Lord!" the miserable man groaned, as he felt himself again dipped down, "I'll bet anything he nabs me this time. Why must I be burdened with so much flesh? Can't you relieve me of a little of it?"

"The dog will do that!" shouted some one who was safe in the top of the tree.

"You scoundrel," shouted the Colonel, "you infernal scoundrel—— Oh, Lord, forgive me for using such harsh language, for I am dipping down again. Oh, Lord, did you see him snap at me? I'm gone—bet a hundred dollars I'm gone. Look at him! Oh, Lord, he's going to jump at me. Bet a hundred an' fifty I'm gone."

The day wore away in agony, and a night of misery settled down. The Colonel, alternating between praying and betting, passed the night somehow, and when daylight came the worn-out man saw that the dogs were gone. The Colonel, unable to climb down, turned loose and fell off like a sloth.

Miles Brewer, early that morning, called up a pack of bloodhounds, and, as he fed them, remarked:

"Good old boys. They tell me that you done yore work fine. Wouldn't take nothin' fur you. Didn't hear the readin' of the dockyment, did you? Good old boys."

Ophie P. Read

HE DIDN'T SELL OUT.

Some years ago, when Barnum's circus passed through a country village, a small boy's father was too poor to allow his son the chance to see the menagerie. The boy saved some money through selling some fried pies his mother cooked to help him out, and, with a double basket load, on Fourth of July morning he walked to the next village, where he told Barnum his story, and the good-hearted showman passed him in and gave him permission to peddle his pies among the visitors. The boy wandered around with mouth agape at the living curiosities he viewed for the first time, and finally came to the elephants. Here he set his basket down to rest his arm, and while watching one elephant the second reached out and appropriated his basket of pies. The elephants fed themselves with the sweetmeats and politely returned the boy his basket. He started out of the tent with his empty basket and met Mr. Barnum.

"Well, well, little boy," said the showman, "you've had good luck, hain't you? Sold out quickly?"

"No, sir," said the boy, between his sobs.

"Didn't sell them? Why, what have you done with them?"

"I—I—I—I didn't dew nuthin'—wi-wi-wi-with 'em. Th-th-th-tha-thet durned bi-bi-big ingy rubber thing too-too-took 'is t-t-t-nail 'n shoved 'em in his pocket," blubbered the unfortunate lad, with a series of boo-hoos.

HAD RISEN IN THE WORLD.

"Well, Michael, it appears to me that you are putting on considerable style lately, wearing big diamonds and a silk hat," said a merchant to a former porter in his employ.

"Well, yer see, sorr, Oi'm afther bein' ellicted aldimun in tha Nointainth warrud, sorr. Oi'm wan er tha Fowth o' Jowly cummittay, an' have er handle on me name like er gintleman now, sorr. Tha payple calls me Misther O'Brannagun instid av Moike, an' tha rist av tha aldimin wuddent luik at me ov Oi didn't wear er hid-loight, sorr."

BORROWED SOLEMNITY.

"Flipkins, why is it you always look as solemn as an owl and scowl so, while you are writing humor?" asked Clairette.

"I borrowed the habit when I chummed with a sexton and undertaker. His employment and my own were so much alike."

"So much alike! For goodness' sake, in what do they bear the least possible resemblance to each other?"

"Well, burying a man is a grave affair, and the writing of humor for a living is a very serious undertaking."

O, FOR A TOMMY!

"Good day, Deacon. You are going to celebrate, I see!" exclaimed Rev. Mr. Pulpit on meeting with Deacon Longhair and his little son on the Fourth of July.

"Yes; I am going to take Tommy to the circus. I have promised all summer to take him to see the menagerie."

"Be careful you do not stray into the performer's tent yourself."

"O, no fear of that. None at all."

"How I wish I only had a Tommy I could take to see the animals!" said the minister after the retreating forms of the Deacon and Tommy were out of hearing.